

# NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE.

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Application of Lynch Law to two Negroes, Peterson and Hatchell, at Franklin, Ky.



A View of Baxter Street, New York, near the Five Points, on the night of the Election.







up to the time of his death was a constant drinker. made efforts to regain his place with his former mistress, who, acting fairly, told the doctor she would not marry him on any occasion he sought her in her chamber and, with a pistol in his hand, threatened to kill him should he not consent.

For several weeks past he has crawled around a wrecked, reduced almost to imbecility by stimulants. At certain times, in the presence of acquaintances, he threatens to kill himself, and last week he penned a note to his Richmond attorney swearing that if she did not take him back she would be a corpse within a week. Whether she recd the note or not we cannot say.



**A HORRIFYING SCENE IN LONDON.**

They compile the following from our best English files:—  
London has witnessed two executions by guillotine at Newgate, the other at Horsemanrow Lane Jail. At the former place, at eight o'clock, John Wiggins inflicted the extreme penalty of the law for the murder of a woman, the wife of a prisoner whom he had conspired for a few months at his prison residence to murder. On the morning of the murder the convict ran out into the street with his throat cut, declaring that his victim had been his lover.

The crime of *bigamy* was punished that of Wiggins, on the fact that he, too, slew the woman with whom he had cohabited. He, however, had lived on good terms with his wife, and was not charged with the murder, but with a low state of mind in which he formed the resolution of murdering all his family and then committing suicide. But after cutting his wife's throat he went no farther, and was committed to prison for the crime of attempted murder for death.

On Friday he was visited by the sister and niece of the deceased woman, with whom were his three children. The youngest was carried in the arms of his mother, who glided in and stood by the guillotine dressed in deep mourning. The interview lasted about twenty minutes, and was of an extremely affecting nature.

The Sheriff arrived at eight o'clock. Having assumed the robes of office, he proceeded to the prison, where the governor of Newgate, who shortly afterwards appeared, and informed them that it was time for them to see the prisoner plighted to—accompanied by the representatives of the press, and a large number of the public, the governor leading to the yard across which the convict had to pass from his cell to the pinning room. Directly afterwards the prisoner was placed in the guillotine, and executed by two warders. He took very little notice of the officials, and walked across the open space with a jaunty air and light step. Calcraft was waiting for him in the pinning room, and he was taken to the prison hospital, where he fastened his arms. Wiggins submitted to this without any attempt at resistance. While the executioner was buckling the straps, he complained once or twice that the straps were too tight, and that he was in pain. On his subsequent conduct, this was probably a mere excuse to get his hands more at liberty. Calcraft said: "Very well; very well;" and fastened the straps in the usual manner. When the executioner had finished, the governor, the Rev. Mr. Jones, placed himself in front of the prisoner, and called upon him to repent, repeating texts of Scripture respecting the graciousness of God towards the penitent sinner. Wiggins, however, made no request for attention to his exhortations, replied once or twice: "Yes, very well—very well." When his arms were pinioned Mr. Jones, the governor, advanced towards him and asked him if he had any words to say. He replied that he wanted to say a few words, and that he should like to do so on the scaffold. Mr. Jones told him that this could not be permitted; that even if it were allowed it would be a disgrace to the prison. Wiggins then said: "I have nothing to say anything he wished them to hear; but that he might

He further informed him that there were reporters of the press present, who would publish any statement he might make. He warned him, however, that the time was passing, and that what he said by you must be short. The prisoner addressed the reporter as follows: "I am innocent man of the charge for which the law condemned me. I can assure you, on my dying oath, that I am not guilty. I never did it. I can go with a clear conscience to the gallows." She then turned round and pressed her throat and then cut her own. I never lifted hand or finger to her. On my dying oath, that is true." A prosecution was then marshalled, and proceeded through one jury after another until she had been tried three times with a firm step, and mounted the platform with determination. As he went up the steps he looked at the top rope and observed where the ring was through which the rope passed, and remarked, "who was close beside him, at once seized the rope and pulled it down over his head, and over his face. While he was turning it up just over his mouth, the convict commenced a desperate struggle to

[illegible]

## A Jail Emeute in Memphis.

At between 1 o'clock and daylight of the 50th ult., the vicinity of the jail, in Memphis, Tenn., was the scene of most intense excitement, and the residents were aroused by the firing of revolvers, which were fired up and down the stairs, and these were soon mingled with the sound of loud volleys of pistol shots, which were continued at intervals for two or three hours. The cause of the tumult was an attempt on the part of the negro prisoners—about seventy in number—to escape.

The following particulars of the affair from the Memphis *Leaves*:

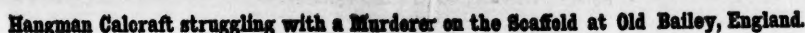
the Memphis Leader :

For several days the prisoners confined in the cells under the office of the jail have been unusually insubordinate. For three days they allowed only the water-carrier to come to them, savagely hurling brickbats at any others who thought proper to approach. As they were deemed secure, and no indications appeared of an attempt to escape, their disorderly conduct occasioned no particular suspicion.

The bulk of the negroes confined up stairs, south of the little court, in the building facing the alley, were unusually quiet. Toward midnight the noise in the lower cells ceased, and it was hoped nothing more would be heard from the prisoners.

Between 1 and 2 o'clock the most hideous yells issued from the down-stair cells, accompanied by the crash of bricks and missiles of every description against the walls and on the floor. This was soon answered by corresponding yells from the up-stair cells across the court, where fifty negroes were confined.

Mr. Harraday, on watch in the office at the time, quickly aroused Thomas Tiggs, another of the night watch, who was asleep. The latter was at once convinced that the de-



monstrations below and above stairs meant more than the usual "tantrums" of the prisoners. He seized a lantern, and, in company with a mail agent on the Memphis and Charleston Railroad, who had been awakened in the Hardin Hotel, he hurried to the top of the building in order to see what the demonstration in the large cells meant. They had no sooner arrived at the edge of the roof than they saw a shower of bricks hurled down, then a volley of brickbats was hurled at them through a window in the second story, from which the furniture and beds had been removed. Both men were knocked down, the mail agent was probably killed, and the prisoners had, after clearing the window (opening into the court) of glass and the bars, torn out a hole in the roof. Within a few minutes they were almost literally rained on the hotel roof.

It was evident that the prisoners were preparing to escape. The doors were wrenched from the upper cells and hurled into the court. The rear wall of the office was smashed, and the prisoners began to crawl out from under the window and open door, falling in the interior. The prisoners below were also breaking everything that could be broken, and the din of the bricks and stones was heard all over the prison.

They knew that if the prisoners on stairs reached the court their escape was inevitable. They were fifty in number, and they were armed with all sorts of weapons: pieces of wood torn from the doors. Three, or four, or a dozen men could then make little headway against them. Once the open space, it would be but the work of a moment to break down the door leading to the courtyard, and the entire party could force their way in to the street, confident of escaping in the darkness before a large body of troops were procured. But when they saw the plot, and the sure success. By the presence of mind and nerve of the jail guard prevented its consummation. All were armed, and securing positions protecting them from being struck by the falling debris, commenced firing at the open windows of the large cells. Their voices were answered by yells of defiance, and for a time bullets came down so thickly that the officers were compelled to take cover. But when the firing ceased, at that point, however, their shouts commanded the windows; as rapidly as the barrels become discharged they were re-loaded, and at last the counter bombardment proved too much for the prisoners. The firing ceased, and the demonstrations on the part of the prisoners ceased; quite a large crowd of policemen and citizens was collected, and the entire block surrounded. All further attempts at escape were now impossible, and the prisoners were all shackled and looked up below.

Messrs. John Joyce, John Murray, Thomas Tighe and ———— Harrady—all on duty at the jail—were struck with bricks during the melee; but the only one severely injured was the mail agent. They behaved like heroes, and by the incessant discharge of pistols prevented the depopulation of the jail.

### An Unaccountable Murder.

**A SHOWMAN SHOT DEAD BY A COMPANION.**  
Last night, says a Memphis, Tenn., paper, of the 5th inst., about 8 o'clock, another of those fearful episodes in

the history of city stock took place on Jefferson street, between Main and Front streets, near the Empire saloon and restaurant. It appears that a party of showmen lately arrived from St. Louis, and stiched to Ames' New Orleans menagerie, were in the saloon drinking. In company with them were several other persons, of this city, and one of them, a man of a heavily, but no ill-fellings seemed to exist among the party, as he harsh language had passed between them. One of the number informed the murdered man out of doors, apparently for the purpose of a quarrel, and the latter, in a moment of anger, drew a pistol when the sensation of a pistol was heard, and another murder had been committed in Memphis. The man shot was named John Premise, but he was most commonly called "Alsek" by his friends, and is represented as a violent and quarrelsome man. He was shot through the heart, the ball ranging upward. He dropped immediately, and died without a groan. He was a native of Prescott, Canada West, was about thirty-eight years of age, and is a widower, leaving no family except a couple of children, who are now in Chicago, who were dejected and wept for their father.

# A Horror

Information has been received at Portland, Me., of a sad affair which took place on board of one of Gidden & Williams' line of clipper ships—the *Fearless*—commanded by Captain John H. Drew, of Fallown, on her late passage from Portland to San Francisco. The ship was under the command of Horn, where for several days she was in great peril by one of the most terrible gales ever experienced in June—the dead of winter. During the gale it seems that the third mate, a man named Smith, who was a very violent and very offensive language, in account of which the latter kicked the former. After the second mate had retired to his berth (they both occupied the same cabin), the third mate, who was very drunk, unlocked the door of the cabin, unlocked his chest, took therefrom his loaded revolver, and, approaching his victim's bunk, fired twice at him. The first shot was in the back of the head, fatal, but that the wounded man was unable to proceed to his cabin and raise the cry of murder. When Captain Drew and others reached the scene the murderer had his victim's body lying on the floor, and he was unable to breathe. He held up with the butt of his pistol, which he thrust at the Captain approaching, he instantly turned and blew the second mate's brains out with a fresh discharge. The murderer was then taken to the brig and kept in confinement for the rest of the voyage. The ship arrived in San Francisco, which was upon the 9th of September last, when he was delivered up to the United States authorities. The murderer was arrested at a time when the ship was on board, and was taken ashore at a time when the ship needed the help of the crew in a fearful storm; four sailors were already on the deck, and this affair occurred. The ship was then taken to the harbor, and the ship survived the hurricane and reached her destination as above stated. We know not the name of the murdered man, but he had been in the brig had been in the same ship with Captain Drew, his victim, for several days.

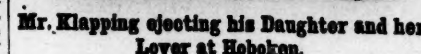
the world, and was a good officer. The murderer belonged near Salem, Mass., where, we understand, he sustained a good reputation. What has been done in his case since his delivery to the authorities we have not yet learned ; but doubtless so persistent a case of wilful murder must cost him his life.

### A Loving Husband Grossly Deceived.

THE WILES AND FRAILTIES OF A YOUNG BRIDE—HE MAKES A DAMNING DISCOVERY—TELL-TALE LETTERS.

[illegible]

The letters told of a damning infidelity that since then has culminated. They were from a drug store clerk in Carbondale, and were two of a series that breathed a deep devotion—a love that could know no satiety save in the writer's possession of the one to whom they were addressed. Every line and word was a denunciation of the



"Where do you live, Peter, and how do you manage for sleeping accommodations at night?" asked I.

"I d-o-o-n't know sir, but I sleeps sometimes on the top up a bench, an' sometimes they lets me crawl inside, an' then I sleeps good enough."

"And who feeds you, Peter? Who supplies you with food?"

"Oh!" said he, with a peculiar grim smile on his countenance, which I shall never forget, "nobody, as I know on; but I gets along sometimes good enough, an' some times I don't do so well."

"Oh, over three years, sir. Some on 'em knows me, an' I goes errands for 'em, an' they gives me somethin' but I'm awful cold for want o' clothes, an' I be a dreamin'."

Here the poor little hump-backed outcast drew his cuffs across his eyes and wiped away a tear dropped in memory of her he had lost forever.

This poor little wail, deserving of every human attention, is left to pick up a starved living around the market; and from what I gathered around, I understand that the poor Irishwomen are the most charitable to the despised wail, and while others in their riches will hardly throw a mill to the willing creature (for he is said to be very willing to run errands, &c.), the poorest apple-women outshine them in their charity to the poor boy.

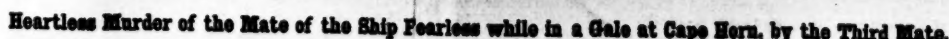
## A Fugitive Murderer Traced to his Be-

treat.

**HIS DESPERATE AND BLOODY FIGHT WITH THE OFFICERS.**

[illegible]

Agreeable to the plans and expectations of the officers, the man Graves was seen to enter an old school-house, situated in the edge of the woods, which he was known to frequent, and they immediately surrounded the house.









expression, indicative of the terrible suffering, both mental and physical, which the unfortunate man must have endured ere the vital spark had fled. In the right hand

expression, indicative of the terrible suffering, both mental and physical, which the unfortunate man must have endured ere he was brought to the fatal spot. His hand was firmly gripped the weapon with which the deed had been committed, and which was covered with the blood of the unfortunate man. Upon looking around the room, a trail of blood was everywhere to be seen, and the walls and floor were freely bespattered. Judging from the appearance of the apartment, the murderer had proceeded to the drawer in which he kept his razor, and leaving the razor from its case, arrayed himself before the mirror, and then, in the excitement which the more correctly draw the steel across his throat.

Decoated was a shoemaker by trade, and is represented by his neighbors as an industrious, hard-working, temperate, and law-abiding citizen. He is a native of the city, is undergoing an investigation, through which the cause leading to the rash act will doubtless be revealed.

**Baxter Street Illuminations.**

The fog through which the mysterious elements of the

city finds the "ways and means" to express their exuberant gratification, after the votes are canvassed and the victors proclaimed, are decidedly emphatic and worthy of philosophical study. The most usual manifestation of exultant ecstasy on such occasions, consist in blazing bonfires, made up of a variety of material, expensive and inexpensive, and kindling the swarthy sky with their lively radiations. These fiery exhibitions may be seen in various

abundance, enlivening almost any street in the city. Around them gather the triumphant manipulators of the wooden sacrifice, including in many instances female with male figures, made up of every grade of dilapidated and slattern humanity, clattering, shouting, loading the dusky air with their fierce rejoicings, and vying with each other in probable sackings of the beholding neighbourhood.

On the contrary, the display seemed to be more general and blazing than ever. All over the city these burning exhibitions were manifest. We do not propose to notice them in detail. It is quite sufficient to select one

we will refer to the Baxter street illuminations. In that highly fragrant locality shone out electoral fires, with a

lambent flame worthy of that classic avenue. Its patriotic population were out in massive numbers, urging on the consuming element. All along that famous thoroughfare might be seen, within speaking distance, the glad-

some bonfire, licking the nocturnal air, while the multitudinous officiating priests at the kindling altar, shouted with muscular vigor over the brilliant sacrifice. It was our fortune to witness the display, more particularly at that point, where "Baxter avenue" melts away into the savory atmosphere of the Five Points. At this odorous

As far as the eye could reach, along the entire street, congratulatory flames reddened the architectural elegance of patrician residences, while weird figures of every hue, shape and magnitude were dancing cotillions around the huge balconies. The balcony was of course abundant

the aggravating the fumes of these demonstrations. But these were not all. Contributions were levied on everything at hand and portable, to swell the volume of hot and hissing popular transports. Doors were wrenched from their hinges, gates from fences, including, in many cases, the fencing itself, while boxes were rolled up in prodigal quantities to stimulate the uproarious configuration. It was a scene of confusion and confusion to the confusion of the youngsters appropriating gates, fences, doors, boxes, barrels, hand-carts—everything, in fact, wooden and combustible, and running up with the plunder to feed the roaring element. The amount of valuable property thus joyously destroyed, should we give all the facts, would

**Oppression toward Working Women.**

Several of these cases have lately been brought before our courts. But one of peculiar hardship lately came before Justice Mansfield, at Essex Market.

The complainant gave her name as Bertha Lindley, and stated that a few days ago she had obtained work from a man calling himself William Herbert, of No. 164 Attorney

street. He gave her a pair of pants to make for whomever she was to receive sixteen cents! The garment was duly made, and returned. Herbert gave her another pair and a third, both of which were finished, and with which he expressed dissatisfaction. When Miss Lindley demanded her pay, she was rudely insulted by Herbert, while his wife, Magdalena (what's in a name?) joined the wailing.

wife, Margaret (widow of a man) by some of the workmen. The girl and ejected her from the premises. Hurt beyond expression, Bertha at once sought redress before the Court. Herbert and his wife were arrested, and under pain of instant imprisonment, Herbert was compelled to pay over to the girl the forty-eight cents due her. Mrs. Herbert was held to bail in the sum of \$300 to keep the peace. The

action on the part of the Judge is commendable.

**BROOKLYN.**

**THIEVES RAMPANT IN THE EASTERN DISTRICT.**  
The activity of the thieves is and around Williamsburg

becomes unusually great as the winter months approach. Some people make hay while the sun shines. The thieves make *their* hay in the dark and gloomy nights and days of the season now so rapidly approaching. Either of these conditions exists regarding the police force of Wismar.

burg: complicity with the thieves, rowdies, and burglars; dread of the combination of ruffians against them; or a insufficient force to cope with the operations of the former. We dismiss the former unhesitatingly from our consideration; but there may be something in the two latter points. We know that the Eastern District is infested with these

lence to a regular system. If so, application should once be made by Captain Woglom for an additional number of men to meet the emergency. Another point would suggest is, that owing to the system of unwise economy which prevails in the City of Churches, not to lig-

moon is supposed not to shine. There are nights when Brooklyn is left in total darkness, which adds to the difficulties of the police in guarding life and property, and immensely so in a district abounding with such a crew of cutthroats and burglars as "Gonnofftown." So that even the rest of Brooklyn is left in darkness nearly half the

We select a few robberies committed some few days ago. A fellow succeeded in gaining the confidence of a servant girl at the residence of Mr. J. R. Dusenbury, 177 So. Second street, E. D. He told her he had business to trans-

spect with that gentleman, and gaining an entrance to the house, he succeeded in carrying off the contents of a wardrobe, worth several hundred dollars. On the same night a large quantity of dry goods was carried off from the store of Mrs. Burns, North Fifth and Third streets, by persons who made a burglarious entrance through the rear of the

In fact, these crimes are so numerous in that district that it is impossible to keep track of them. If necessary, reinforce the E. D. police; certainly, let them have "moonlight."

**POLITICS AND THE KNIFE.**  
Some days after the election, two laborers in the New York City Police Yard, James Gillen and Michael Gray, while at work, got into a dispute about politics, which resulted in a scuffle during which Gray drew a knife and stabbed Gillen, who staggered and fell. Gray running off. Gillen was found

**A BOWDY ATTACK ON A POLICEMAN.**  
Late on Thursday evening last week, an attempt was being made by a gang of rowdies to tear down the figure

of the coal yard at the corner of Johnson and Gold street. Officer Kielly, of the Forty-second Precinct, observing the raffianly affair, arrested one of the parties, but while in the act of taking his prisoner to the station-house the officer was set upon by the gang, and beaten, stoned, and knocked down. He discharged his revolver at the crowd.

ceded in making his escape to the station-house. He was forced, he returned to the scene of the conflict, and met a man named Wood, whom he recognised as one of his assailants who pelted him with stones, and took him to station-house, where he preferred the charge against him and the following was heard:

David Kirkbride was captured a few days ago by Constable Woglom on two charges of stealing a valuable team of horses and a buggy from a livery-stable keeper in Danbury.

Conn., and with good reason the same favor to L. L. Holmes, stable keeper of Eagleswood, N. J., in the month of October. He was next day given into the custody of Deputy Sheriff A. A. Heath, of Danbury, on a requisition of Governor English. The theft in Eagleswood was accomplished by his hiring Holmes' horse and buggy, saying he was going a distance of a few miles, but he had to go to the

his appearance; and forgot to return Mr. Holmes his party. He took refuge in that congenial retreat of persons of his calling, the celebrated Eastern District, the event of justice being cheated by his little affair. Danbury, the Eagleswood charge is still before him. The habit of trusting strangers with articles easily driven

On the 30th ult., a murderous and probably fatal  
sault was committed by Lewis Purdy upon Jesse Hall  
at Katoanah, Westchester county. Purdy, while inter-

ted, went to Hallock's house and took away an ax, and being asked by Hallock what he intended to do with it, replied that he was "going to cut his d-d head off," thereupon struck him a frightful blow on the shoulder breast, severing the first rib and laying his chest open, that Dr. Shore, who attended him, was able to probe

lung, which had been badly wounded. Purdy was  
rested.

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Encounter with a Live Ghost in a Graveyard in Ohio—Shooting Delas Williams by Citizens.

## Mrs. Yelverton in New York.

SKETCH OF HER LIFE AND MATRIMONIAL TROUBLES—THE EXTRAORDINARY TRIAL IN DUBLIN—ITS LEADING FEATURES—THE LADY AT IRVING HALL—HER APPEARANCE.

Now that Mrs. Yelverton is among us, a glance at her matrimonial troubles and the extraordinary trial which took place in Dublin, in 1887, will not prove uninteresting to our readers. The main facts may have escaped their recollection, while a description of the lady, as she made her debut on Thursday evening last, at Irving Hall, and some facts relative to her movements in this city, cannot but attract attention.

How strange it is that so elegantly accomplished woman, so wronged a wife, and so popular a heroine, should be compelled to come before the public and give readings in order to support herself. Has not the gallantry that distinguishes the American people here an excellent subject on which to exercise itself? Will not the wrongs of woman strike as tender a chord in the American breast as they have done at the other side of the Atlantic? We think it at least probable. Mrs. Yelverton is among us. Let us treat her well, and remember her sufferings as a wife and as a woman.

Maria Theresa Longworth (her maiden name,) was born in Chesham, Lancashire. She is now about thirty-five years of age. Her father was a silk merchant, and a lineal descendant of Sir Richard Longworth, who lived in the reign of Charles II. There were in the family three sons and three daughters, the youngest of whom was Theresa. One of her sisters was married to M. Le Febvre, of Bologna, and another to Mr. Bellamy, of Augsburg, Bavaria. Two of her brothers emigrated to Australia, and another to New Zealand. Mrs. Yelverton was very seldom home. During her girlhood she received a thorough education in a French convent, as well as in Italy, and while out of school or vacation, was engaged in visiting her numerous friends and relatives, who moved in the most fashionable society.

It was while coming over in 1852 from a visit to her sister in Bologna, that she became acquainted with Major Yelverton, son of Lord Avonmore. That acquaintance led into a correspondence and then to love. In 1855 Miss Longworth volunteered to go to the Crimea in company with Sisters of Charity and other heroic ladies, to tend on the wounded soldiers. Here she again met Yelverton, who asked her to marry him, the ceremony to be performed by a Greek priest in secret. She refused to have the marriage compact carried out in this manner, and the consequence a postponement took place until the arrival of the parties in England. On her return home she proceeded on a visit to a relative in Edinburgh. Yelverton was now stationed at Leith, having been back, and he continued his attentions to the lady. According to the words of the learned Sergeant Sullivan, who opened the case on her side, the following are the facts which followed:

"Major Yelverton laid before her the reasons why she should accede to the secret marriage. He told her that a Catholic priest in Scotland could be got to marry them, and there was no reason why she should not agree to it; that other women had done the same before, and that there was no breach of morality in it. But she was firm in her resolve. She refused to agree to a secret marriage. Everything that influence and artifice could do—everything that a man could do to persuade her to be married in secret; but she refused. On all occasions he professed himself a Roman Catholic to her. He attended the celebration of Mass in a Catholic chapel, in Edinburgh, and she always urged upon him that it would be a violation of his opinions, as a Catholic, to have a secret marriage; but his proposal always was a secret marriage, or a postponement of the ceremony. He (Sergeant Sullivan) would say, from looking through the correspondence of the parties, that notions of dishonor had not, perhaps, taken root in the mind of Major Yelverton—that he had not for his object the ruin of the lady. On the contrary, the correspondence would lead to the belief that his feelings towards her were those of a gentleman and a man of honor at the time. At this time an incident occurred in Edinburgh to which he would ask the attention of the jury. Having proposed the secret marriage, and urged it, he, in April, 1857, induced her to hear him read the marriage ceremony from a Church of England prayer book, in the house of a Mr. Gamble, at Edinburgh. He told her that, by the law of Scotland, marriage by a priest was not necessary; that mutual consent and promise made persons man and wife; and, having read the marriage ceremony, he proposed that it should legitimize their position as husband and wife. She refused—she regarded this proposition almost with horror. She immediately left Edinburgh, and went to her sister's house in Wales, in April, 1857. The reading of this service hung upon her like a terrible cloud; for he had told her that the object of it was that he could claim her as his wife—that that position was fastened on her by the mere reading of the ceremony. She refused to be bound by it, and fled from him. While at her sister's house he wrote to her asking her to come back to him, and finally saying that he would yield to her wishes, and that they should be married by a Catholic priest in Ireland, adding that if she lived with him the marriage should be kept secret. She yielded so far, and consented to a secret marriage, provided it was celebrated by a Catholic priest in a Catholic church. In 1857 she left her sister's house, unknown to all, crossed over from Milford Haven to Waterford, where she met the defendant in the month of August. The object of this meeting was that they should be made man and wife by the priest of that religion which she loved. They failed to get a priest in Waterford, and eventually, he leaving, proposed that they should go to the north of Ireland. They reached Rostrevor August tenth. Between Miss Longworth and defendant no impropriety whatever existed during the period to which he had alluded. She went to the parish priest of Rostrevor, the Rev. Mr. Mooney, and told him her whole case; he referred her to the Bishop of Down. The Bishop and the parish priest consulted together, and the result was that the Bishop consented to the solemnization of the marriage by the Rev. Mr. Mooney. After they reached Rostrevor, defendant came to Dublin for a few days, and then went back to Rostrevor again, and on the 15th of August, 1857, Theresa Longworth and William Charles Yelverton were married in the parish church of Kilbenny, by the Rev. Mr. Mooney, the parish priest. The defendant and Miss Longworth attended Mass on the Saturday previous to the marriage, in the chapel of Warrenton, and on the day of the marriage in the church in which they were married. The marriage ring was purchased in Dublin by Major Yelverton, from a jeweler named Martin. It was the smallest ring the jeweler had ever sold, and the smallness of the ring, and the circumstances on which it had been sold, made a great impression upon him, and he would prove that Major Yelverton bought it. The time of celebration of the marriage was after High Mass on the Feast of the Blessed Virgin; the priest was robed in his vestments; they knelt down before him at the altar, and he pronounced the marriage benediction

over them after they had pledged their troth, 'To have and to hold, from that day forward, for better, for worse, for rich, or for poor, in sickness or health, till death do us part, if Holy Church will permit it, and therefore do I

by the law of the land a clergyman marrying a Catholic and a Protestant was guilty of a felony, and he asked to be sure he was not breaking the law. It was strange that a man who had pledged his troth should repudiate the

ship to him as his mistress. What would they say to such a man? He would be hunted from the court by the execration of every man if what he said was true, that he postponed the ceremony of marriage to make this woman

From the fair forehead of an innocent love,  
And sets a blister there; making  
Marriage vows as false as dicers' oaths, and  
Sweet religion makes a rhapsody of words."

The parties now resided together at several places, as man and wife, and travelled on the Continent. Mrs. Yelverton frequently importuned her husband to allow her to make the marriage public; but he refused, alleging that an uncle of his in whom he had great financial expectations, would disinherit him. While absent on military duty, she frequently wrote to him, but he made frivolous excuses as to the publication of the ceremony. The crash came at last. During his absence she heard that he had married another woman in Scotland. What a blow it must have been to the confident, loving girl! On recovering from the terrible reality, she tried every means in her power to bring Yelverton back to his senses; but all to no avail. The law of the country was now the only pretext left to her, and in 1861 she brought her case before a jury of twelve men in the Court of Common Pleas, Dublin. No trial excited more general interest. The action was brought in the name of a Mr. Thelwall, who sued Yelverton for board and other necessities furnished his wife. This proceeding brought up the main question at issue, viz.: whether or not Miss Theresa Longworth was really the legal wife of Major Yelverton. Two marriages were alleged—in Scotland at 4 in Ireland. The main difficulty as to proof of the latter marriage was the statute which declared it a felony for a Catholic priest to marry a Protestant and a Catholic, and that such contract was not binding. As to the Scotch marriage, there were conflicting opinions amongst the greater lawyers of the time, relative to the ceremonies which were requisite in order to establish a proper contract of the character in that country. These were the important points to be decided. The ward Sullivan, Esq., Q. C., appeared on both sides. Ed-Right Hon. James Whiteside, Q. C. M. P., Francis MacDonagh, Q. C. M. P., and John F. Townsend, L. L. D., appeared for the plaintiff; and Richard Armstrong, Esq., Abraham Brewster, Q. C., John T. Ball, Q. C. L. D., and H. P. Jellist, for the defendant.

The trial lasted ten days, and each day the large courtroom was thronged to suffocation, as numbers were assembled. So much excitement was scarcely ever before exhibited during the pendency of a trial. A large number of witnesses were examined on both sides, the principal evidence being of course given by the lady herself and Major Yelverton. On the tenth day, after a most brilliant summing up of counsel, the case was given to the jury, who, after a short deliberation, brought in a verdict that there had been a legal marriage, both in Ireland and Scotland. This verdict was the signal for an outburst of enthusiastic applause amongst all assembled in court—even the members of the bar, and the judges on the bench could not restrain themselves. Mrs. Yelverton was drawn through the streets in her carriage by the excited multitude, who cheered her again and again as she bowed and smiled her acknowledgments.

Afterwards the case was brought up on appeal by the defendant before the Court of Exchequer, who sustained the verdict of the Court below. Nothing now remained for the "noble" defendant, but to bring the matter before the House of Lords. Here the lady pleaded her own case. Unfortunately a decision was given by this model assembly against the rights of the aggrieved lady. Notwithstanding this turn to the case, Mrs. Yelverton is looked upon by all as the legal wife of Major Yelverton. None doubt it, and she is respected and received into the society as the Hon. Mrs. Yelverton.

Last Thursday night she made her debut before the American public at Irving Hall, as a reader. Her deficiencies in this role can be easily passed over when we look back to her eventful history. She was dressed with exquisite taste in a blue silk dress, low neck and bare arms. Her hair was fixed in rolls, French fashion, displaying an alabaster forehead, high and intellectual. Imagine a most graceful figure, blonde complexion, elegant development of form, and sparkling blue eyes, full of enthusiasm, and you have a good idea of the appearance of the Hon. Mrs. Yelverton.

## The Fairbrother Assassination.

Last winter we published an account of the shooting to death of Charles K. Fairbrother, proprietor of the Torre Haute House, by Eliza O'Brien, a dining-room girl who had been discharged from service on the morning of December 10, 1886, the day of the killing. She was arrested at the time, and after a preliminary examination was sent to jail to await the action of the Grand Jury, who returned an indictment against her of murder in the first degree. Upon the calling of the case, at the March term, she put in a plea of insanity, alleging that, although indicted by the name of Eliza O'Brien, her real name was Winnie Donnelly; upon which the Court ordered that the record should show that fact. The object of this plea was to enable her to show by depositions to be taken in St. Louis, where she had been known by the latter name, that while residing in that city she had become acquainted with Fairbrother, and that he there seduced her. After the filing of the plea, and the amendment of the record, the case was continued upon her application, in order that she might procure the depositions referred to.

The trial of the case has been progressing in the Circuit Court at Terre Haute, Vigo county, Ind., and the result has not reached us as yet. It is unnecessary to recapitulate the particulars of the tragedy, as embodied in the evidence of the witnesses examined on the trial. Suffice to say that this woman O'Brien, alias Donnelly, on the day above mentioned, expressed her determination to shoot Fairbrother, and subsequently, meeting him in the hall, asked him why he had discharged her. He in answer said he had not done so, but the head steward had. Defendant said: "You discharged me once from Barnum's Hotel in St. Louis." Fairbrother then said: "I don't know anything of it; go away from here, and your trunk shall follow you wherever you go," or words to that effect; then defendant then said: "You did discharge me, but you shall never discharge me or any other girl again!" and immediately drew a pistol out of her muff and fired. Fairbrother then took hold of her and said, "You shot me, you shot me," and endeavored to push her to the floor, but soon released her, and putting his hands upon the place of his wound went back towards the office of the hotel; the defendant immediately commenced to reload the pistol, and while in this act the black boy Robert, who was night watchman, came up and asked her what she had done, and she said she had shot Fairbrother.

Such, in brief, is the whole case for the prosecution. The defence set up the seduction of the accused by Fairbrother, in St. Louis, which fact, in conjunction with neglect, desertion, etc., induced temporary insanity, which was aggravated to the fatal culminating point by Fairbrother discharging her from the hotel.

What view this Indiana jury will take of Miss O'Brien's pistol performance is a matter of considerable interest—



Jeremiah Hardigan shooting Daniel Freese on Election Day in the Fourth Ward, New York.

pledge thee my troth.' Before their marriage, the priest asked Major Yelverton whether he was a Catholic. He said, 'I am, but a bad one, I'm afraid; but I am no Protestant.' Why did the priest ask that question? Because

woman to whom he had pledged it. The answer which the defendant would give was that there was no marriage in that church on that occasion; that he took her in there merely to ease her conscience, to legitimize her relation-

his more confiding mistress: "Such an act As blurs the grace and blush of modesty, Makes Virtue hypocrite; take: off the rose."



A Husband wreaking his Vengeance on his Wife's Negro Paramour at Detroit, Michigan.